Lod. Who, I my Lord?
Oth. I, you did wish that I would make her turne:
Sir she can turne, and turne, and yet goe on,
And turne againe, and she can weepe sir, weepe;
And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,
Very obedient; proceed you in your teares,
Concerning this sir: O well painted passion:
I am commanded home: —get you away,
Ile send for you anon: —Sir, I obey the mandat,
And will returne to *Venice*: —hence, auant,
Cassio shall haue my place; and sir to night
I doe intreat that we may sup together,
You are welcome sir to *Cyprus*, —goates and monkies, *Exit.*
Lod. Is this the noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient? This the noble nature,
Whom passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue,
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?
Iag. He is much changed.
Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of braine?
Iag. He's that he is, I may not breath my censure,
What he might be, if what he might, he is not,
I would to heauen he were.
Lod. What, strike his wife.
Iag. Faith that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroake would proue the worst.
Lod. Is it his vse?
Or did the letters worke vpon his blood,
And new create this fault?
Iag. Alas, alas:
It is not honesty in me to speake
What I haue seene and knowne; you shall obserue
And his owne courses will denote him so,
That I may saue my speech: doe but goe after him,
And marke how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiu'd in him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello *and* Emilia.

Oth. You haue seene nothing then.

Em.